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## SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

My present purpose is not to write a biography of the eminent musician we have just lost. I desire simply to accentuate what has been said about Sir Julius Benedict's intellectual activity. He achieved much in the course of his long career; I shall show, by evidence which, perhaps, none but myself can supply, that he contemplated more—that his brain, even within the last decade, was busy with large projects, such as might more naturally have been entertained by a vigorous and aspiring youth.

The story of my collaboration with Benedict upon his one oratorio, *St. Peter*, does not properly come within the scope of these remarks. Reserving it till another opportunity, I merely mention the matter now for the purpose of stating that the reception of *St. Peter* at Birmingham, encouraged its composer to entertain the thought of giving that work a successor. I think it was in 1871 that he consulted me on the subject of a libretto; from time to time parading all the worthies of the Bible, and discussing their musical possibilities with an acumen which, as I distinctly remember, made a great impression upon my mind. At length I suggested the early career of King David as a fitting theme. In that light it struck Benedict also; the result being that we agreed to work upon it, and to call the new oratorio *The Shepherd Prince*.

As Benedict was in no hurry to begin operations I proceeded very leisurely with my part of the task, taking it up in the few spare moments of a busy life. Meanwhile, the composer had turned his mind in the direction of the Italian lyric stage. He contemplated a triumph at Covent Garden, and took the preliminary steps with unwonted promptitude and energy. What those steps were I learned from a letter dated September 20, 1873, in which Benedict said:—

"I have concluded an arrangement with ———, who will buy the new opera I am about to write, and of which I have sent the 'Argument' to an Italian poet—Carlo D'Ormeville—on the suggestion of ———. I told ———, also, that if you will still do me that honour, you shall be my English poet, to which he has fully consented. This shall not interfere at all with the *Shepherd Prince*, which I trust you will terminate also at your leisure."

The "argument" mentioned in the foregoing extract was Benedict's own. He had found time to pen a complete and most elaborate *scenarium*, a copy of which, in the author's handwriting, now lies before me. It is in French, headed "*Esquisse d'un projet d'Opéra*," and begins with a short exposition of intentions, which I may be allowed to translate as, in some respects, a curiosity:—

"The idea I wish to realise in a lyrical work is the achievement of something new in the combination of musical styles. Thus, after a prologue which passes in France, come a German act, and an Italian act; finishing with a French act. I shall seek to give a perfectly distinct local—or national—colour to each of the three acts; while preserving the individuality of the principal characters, who will be recognised by, so to speak, musical phrases intended to designate them. These phrases will submit to modifications according to the different countries in which the scene takes place, but not so as to prevent their being traced across Europe."

The idea expressed above is carried out in the sketch of a grand opera, entitled *Les Deux Amours*, the plot of which I shall not be expected to give.

Benedict was so eager to begin the composition of his opera that he allowed D'Ormeville little time to reflect upon his share of the work. Writing to me on November 24, 1873, he said:—

"I enclose D'Ormeville's letter, which informs me that he has finished the first act of my opera, but that—owing to the delay caused by illness and trouble—he is willing, if I insist, to return my sketch, and re-imburse the sum already sent on account. He proposes to send the first act, if I consent, without any further responsibility on my part, and adds that, having perfectly studied the subject he believes he could be ready with the libretto in a shorter time than beginning it again, *ex ovo*, with another collaborator. I have written to him to say that I had given up all hope of receiving the work, but that I am inclined to accept his proposal, and shall, therefore, expect his first act, together with my sketch. Anyhow, I could then see how he carried out my intentions, as, in that case, I am resolved to give him a sufficient amount for his loss of time. If the *scenarium* is followed according to my directions, we could employ the situations without being bound to his metre or to the words. I trust you coincide with my views on the subject; the principal thing being not to lose any more time than what is absolutely necessary. Should you differ from me, I could, immediately on receipt of my MS., stop his going on."

On December 20, of the same year, Benedict wrote:—

"I send you the first act of the opera, which I trust you will approve. I have spoken yesterday to Mr. ——— again on the subject, and he will feel obliged by your kindly calling on him at ——— Street, to settle with you the terms for your adaptation of the work to the English stage. I hope the arrangements will be such as to make it worth your while undertaking this task."

The matter lingered on till February 18, 1874, when I received the following:—

"I saw ——— again to-day on the subject of our opera, and he will be delighted to conclude the necessary arrangements with you, when you pass near ——— Street next time. It will probably be indispensable (should the opera be produced first abroad, and where there is no



literary treaty with England) that I should secure the copyright there by having it entered at Stationers' Hall with Italian and English words. I intend, therefore, to devote all my leisure time (after the completion of my orchestral scherzo) to this work. — seems very well disposed to both of us, and I sincerely hope I may be spared long enough to co-operate with you and write some music you should not be ashamed of."

By Feb. 23, 1874, some progress had been made with the English libretto, and Benedict wrote:—

"A thousand thanks for your most kind and welcome letter. Pray send me the MS. as soon as possible, as, even with my hands quite full, I shall endeavour to do something and avail myself of your comparative leisure time to advance the work."

Thirteen months passed, and then came a crushing blow. Under date, March 16, 1875, the composer communicated with me in these terms;—it is characteristic that they form a postscript in a note asking me to dinner:—

"I am sorry to say that my Italian libretto has been rejected as not fit for that or any stage. I am not of that opinion, but must, of course, yield to necessity. A celebrated French drama which has achieved an immense success in Paris is now about being adapted, and my arrangement with you and Mr. — will hold good for that, should ——— to whom I gave it to read, accept it for English opera."

One must admire the elasticity of spirit which enabled Benedict to turn a serene face and undaunted front from the ruins of one project to the raw material of another. But I heard no more of the "celebrated French drama." The whole scheme of an Italian opera vanished into thin air. Meanwhile the *Shepherd Prince* had receded out of view; its place being taken by another oratorio subject, long in the master's mind, the interest of which now suddenly revived. He desired to compose a work on the subject of the Temple, and verbally sketched to me a most elaborate and imposing "argument," in dimensions great enough for three oratorios rather than one. At Benedict's request, I undertook to consider the scheme, and, in due course, sent him a sketch much less ambitious than his own. His response, dated April 9th, 1877, ran thus:—

"I am delighted more than I can say that you will kindly undertake to carry out my project of the *Temple*. Your division quite corresponds with my idea, as well as the more restricted dimensions of the oratorio. What I can do best is, as you know, the more human and personal feeling of the chief actors in our sacred drama, rather than the abstract and didactic. If, therefore, you can give me a little of the vain-glorious and proud king at first, with the warning voice which leads him to the conviction that 'all is vanity,' later on; if Jeremiah or Hoseah can predict the fall of the Temple and of Jerusalem, in the second part; also the lamentations during the captivity of Babylon, before the grand conclusion of the heavenly Christian Church, you will afford my poor muse better scope. Pray do it as leisurely as you like, as, till the end of the season, I could not devote any time to a work of such importance."

I need scarcely add that this *Temple* was never built. The dream of it faded, like that of the *Shepherd Prince*, and there was an end: Benedict, it may be,

found no time to entertain the thought, which consequently lost its hold upon his mind, and I, for reasons not necessary to enter upon, never attempted to press it.

In making this small personal contribution to the material upon which Benedict's biographer will have to work, I have considered its special value as indicating the late musician's indomitable spirit. All the projects indicated were conceived and discussed by a man who had, at the time, passed his seventieth year.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

### JAPANESE MUSIC.

IN all probability the readers of *THE LUTE*, with few exceptions, have availed themselves of the opportunities of hearing Japanese vocal and instrumental music that were afforded to Londoners some weeks ago, before the "devouring element" swallowed up the busy little village, which, while it lasted, was so constantly frequented by the "first flight" of our metropolitan idlers. Without wishing to impugn the intrinsic beauty of the compositions that were performed by the dusky villagers for the delectation of the British public at South Kensington, I venture to assume that the majority of English music-lovers will agree with me, in relation to those compositions, that Japanese music is not altogether intelligible to the European ear, which, moreover, does not derive unmixed gratification from listening to it; that its melodies scarcely realise our preconceived notions of tunefulness; and that its harmonies, possibly owing to their extreme subtlety of contrivance, are to us sources of perplexity, not to say distress, rather than of rapture. Strange as it may seem to the habitués of Richter's Concerts, Monday Pops and miscellaneous *matinées*, such as the London musical season abounds in, the Japanese relish the works of European composers every whit as little as we appreciate the songs, instrumental *soli* and concerted pieces of Japan. They are of opinion that our physical organisation for the reception of musical impressions is far inferior to their own, and therefore incapable of distinguishing, one from another, the exquisitely delicate *finesses* of their tone-gradations and harmonic combinations. Conversing one day with Dr. Mueller, the Oriental historian, on the subject of music and the relative merits of the German and Japanese schools, a noble Japanese, renowned for his proficiency in the fine arts, observed:—"Your European compositions can only give pleasure, in Japan, to children, coolies and women. There lives not a Japanese of good birth, breeding and education who can put up with them for a moment. They are insignificant and dull, lacking alike in invention and variety." The gentleman who pronounced this crushing sentence upon the music of the West had been a sojourner in Berlin and Vienna, where he had heard the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert executed by the best orchestras of Germany and Austria. Those masterpieces impressed him as poor, weak, colourless compositions, unworthy of

comparison to the rich, vigorous and brilliant musical works of his native country.

I have no doubt that any distinguished English musical amateur, if asked for his opinion upon Japanese strains, would speak at least as unfavourably of them as the Japanese dilettante spoke of the immortal German Masters' sublime productions. To our apprehensions of melody and harmony Japanese airs and concerted pieces appear incoherent and discordant; but, simply because we cannot understand and appreciate it, we are scarcely justified in denouncing the music of Japan as absolutely meaningless. As a matter of fact, the art of music, as it is cultivated and practised in Japan and China, has been for many centuries past an important element of civilisation. It plays a leading part in all public ceremonies of a religious, official, or social character; it is the favourite private recreation of all classes, from prince to peasant; its invention and development are attributed to the Gods; and it is organized, as a science, upon a system of such extraordinary complexity and comprehensiveness (being mixed up with astronomy, mathematics, and codes of symbols that have to do with all sorts of objects, animate and inanimate) that our old-established arrangements and rules concerning notation, counterpoint, thorough-bass, &c., when compared with those of Japan, appear to be almost absurdly simple and childlike. Between English and Japanese "theory" there is about as considerable a difference as between simple addition and the extraction of the cube root. It would be unreasonable to deny the value and significance of music having so elaborate a scientific system for its constructive basis, and being, moreover, a national institution of extraordinary antiquity, the pride and delight of a most intelligent and ingenious people. As in the Greek mythology, its origin is ascribed by the sacred historians of Japan to a Deity identified in popular belief with the sun. The Japanese Apollo, however, was a lady, rejoicing in the euphonious title of Amaterasu no Ohongami, and the only daughter of Izanagi, the leading male divinity of Japan, from whose right eye she issued one fine morning whilst he was bathing in the sea. Ohongami was a lovely creature, but short-tempered and sulky. She took offence, shortly after her birth, at the harmless *badinage* of one or two frivolous young gods of the "masher" type, who chaffed her about her toilette; and all of a sudden shut herself up in a gloomy cavern, the only entrance to which she blocked with a huge boulder, declaring that thenceforth she would have nothing more to do with such rude Deities. These latter, who one and all admired her extremely, held a meeting in the dried-up bed of a river, where they unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that the Radiant Maid must be induced to return to her family and friends by hook or by crook. Accordingly Isikuridome and Amatsumore, the Japanese Mercury and Vulcan, fabricated a perfect mirror of extraordinary dimensions, and hung it up on a branch of a tall japonica just in front of the rock closing the entrance to the cavern.

They then commenced a musical entertainment, specially arranged for the occasion by the celestial hierarchy. The first number was a chorus, performed by several hundred cocks, the heralds of sunrise. As the crowings of these "early birds" failed to produce the desired effect upon the goddess, a female Deity named Ame no Udsome played a solo on the fife, accompanied by several other immortals on bowstrings, at which they plucked with bamboo plectra, and on pieces of sonorous wood, beaten with drum-sticks. This *morceau d'ensemble* proving as unsuccessful as the chanticleer part-song to lure Ohongami forth from her subterranean retreat, Udsome climbed upon the lid of an enormous round wooden box, and began to dance; singing the while a plaintive lay, the words of which have been preserved to the present day, and are utilised in connection with the Japanese numeral system. They run as follows: "Hito futa miyo, Itsu muyu nano, Ya kokono tari, Momo chi Yorodsu"; *anglicé* "Gods, look at the gate, behold the majestic goddess, Shall not joy fill our hearts? Are not my charms potent?" Hearing these eulogies, presumably addressed to a rival beauty, Ohongami could not resist the temptation to push back the rock a little bit, in order to peep at her competitor, and was heard to mutter "I thought that my eclipse would plunge Heaven and Japan into darkness and consternation. Why, then, is Udsome dancing on a box-lid, and why do the gods indulge in unseemly merriment?" Udsome replied "I am dancing and they are in high spirits because we have amongst us a goddess infinitely handsomer and more powerful than yourself." As she spoke, the first-class Divinity Ame no Futadama no Mikoto thrust forward the mirror to the cavern entrance, and Ohongami, fascinated by the reflection of her own charms, issued from her hiding-place. The bearer of the looking-glass at once took her by the hand and implored her, on behalf of himself and friends, to join those present in "a little music," which she complacently agreed to do, and never thereafter manifested any desire to withdraw herself from public attention. In this quaint legend is embodied the Japanese account of the origin of music, to which art, even when illustrated by such primitive instruments as bowstrings and drumsticks, the world lies under at least one paramount obligation, the re-appearance of the sun having been brought about by the morning concert given by the denizens of the Japanese Olympus to Amaterasu no Ohongami, the "influential goddess who shines in the heavens."

The influence exercised by Japanese music in its native country does honour to its illustrious extraction, and fulfils the exalted destiny foretold to it by its Divine inventors, one of whom is reported to have spoken of it in the following somewhat highflown terms. "Music has the power of making heaven descend to earth; it inspires human beings with the love of virtue and the practice of duty. Do you wish to know if a kingdom be well governed, and if its morals be good or bad? Enquire what sort of music is current within its frontiers!" In



no European country is music so intimately associated with the routine of every-day life as in Japan, where it is regarded as the necessary solace and amusement of mankind. Amongst women the art is so assiduously cultivated that every Japanese matron or maiden is more or less skilled in the manipulation of some musical instrument; and the poorest bride's dowry includes a Sonokoto, or thirteen-stringed lute, and a Samhine, or three-stringed guitar. At every street-corner in Japanese towns minstrels of the improvisatore class may be encountered, who chant extempore ballads of inordinate length, accompanying themselves on guitars of different shapes and sizes, every one of which has its own special title and "method." In the Yoshiwara (District of Delights) at Tokio, Mr. Mitford counted nearly four hundred tea-houses, in which the well-to-do inhabitants of that city gave their formal dinner-parties and "receptions." Music is a leading feature of these entertainments, and the establishments in question, despite their large number, are all well supplied with executants. So general, indeed, is the demand for music at public places of refreshment in Japan, that even the humblest inns and cabarets are provided with Geshias (female minstrels), who welcome the traveller on his arrival, and amuse him during his repasts with performances upon the Shamisen, a three-stringed guitar, the body of which is made of mulberry-wood covered with catskin. This instrument, which can be tuned in five different ways, is generally used for accompanying the voice, and is played with a plectrum. The Geshias are farmed out to tea-houses, hôtels and private persons requiring their services by *impresarii*, who buy them at the age of five or six from their parents, at the rate of from thirty to fifty shillings apiece. Their proprietors have them taught to sing and to play upon two or three instruments; when they have completed their fourteenth year, if they are capable of taking part in concerted music, they are drafted into a tea-house orchestra, and acquire a market value of twenty pounds or so. The charge made for a Geshia's services averages eightpence per hour, besides which she is entitled to a small bonus daily. This she saves up for her dowry; in the course of fifteen years, the term of her bondage, it accumulates until she is finally in possession of a sum which enables her to find a husband. During her professional career she invariably goes by a "stage name;" on retiring into private life she cuts her past adrift, as it might interfere with her matrimonial chances, marries some decent small tradesman or skilled handicraftsman, and makes, for the most part, an excellent wife and mother.

All Japanese musicians belong to corporations of one or another of four classes. The first of these is a highly-dignified and æsthetic body of "swells," called the *Gakounine*. Its members rank "with and after" the most exalted officers of the State; in former times it was the fashion amongst the Daimios, or great territorial nobles, to belong to the *Gakounine*, which devotes itself exclusively to the study and performance of sacred music. The

"brethren of the *Gakounine*" are one and all distinguished instrumentalists, profoundly versed in the secrets of musical science. The Mikado's orchestra—the best in Japan—is composed of their picked soloists, and, I need scarcely say, plays nothing but pieces of a religious character and of great antiquity. Its *répertoire* comprehends all the strictly "classical" music of the country. The second corporation, that of the *Ghenine*, includes all the male performers of profane music, few of whom have penetrated the mysteries of "theory," or are familiar with the elaborate system of notation obtaining in Japan. They rank in the social hierarchy with merchants, and supply executants to the Taicoon's private band. The third corporation, which is divided into two categories, the *Kengio* and *Koto*, consists exclusively of blind men, and is restricted to the execution of what the Japanese term "Ordinary Music"—presumably dances and popular ballads. This corporation is a branch of the *Boussets-Sato*, or Association of the Blind, founded in the twelfth century by Kakigo, a famous Japanese general who, being vanquished and taken prisoner in battle, tore out his own eyes and threw them at the feet of his captor. The members of this association shave their heads, practise all manner of crafts and callings, and pay their wages into the exchequer of their order, which provides for their maintenance. Those amongst them who are unfit for any other trade or profession become musicians, and are chiefly employed in playing at Court, at public fêtes and at noblemen's private parties. The chief of the *Boussets-Sato* resides at Miako and is invested with absolute authority over all the members of the Association, any one of whom he may condemn to die; his death-sentence, however, must be confirmed by the Minister of Justice before it can be carried into effect.

The fourth corporation or class of musicians—by far the most numerous of all, as well as the least respectable—includes all sorts and conditions of Japanese women who earn their living by taking part in musical performances. To this army of female executants the Geshias contribute the largest contingent, many thousands in number. The fair sex, in Japan, is not permitted to share actively in any performance of sacred music. This prohibition, no doubt, has its origin in a prejudice akin to that which, in Catholic countries, formerly forbade women to participate in the musical services of the Roman Church. Japanese ladies, however, as well as the professional *cantatrici*, learn to sing and to play their own accompaniments upon the *Kokiou*, a sort of violin, the *Ghekine*, or guitar, and the *Koto*, or psaltery, of which instruments, as well as of the Japanese scales, notation, and system of harmony, I shall have something to say in a second paper on the subject of Japanese music. But no Japanese woman has hitherto acquired renown as a composer; a circumstance which may partly account for the small consideration in which the fourth musical corporation, or "female division," is held in the realm of the Rising Sun. I may add

that, in times long past, the four classes of musicians above described were subdivided into an infinite number of guilds, but that now-a-days all the minor distinctions of old have been done away with. Each corporation is ruled by a Grand Master, in whom is vested the right of rewarding special merit by pecuniary recompenses, prizes, or honorific distinctions. It would appear that the distinction most highly valued by executant artists is the privilege of tuning the first string of their violin, guitar, or psaltery an octave higher or lower than the regulation pitch. This honour, though inexpensive, is more rarely conferred than rewards of a more solid character.

I subjoin a solo for the Japanese violin, seemingly written for the fourth string. It is a *morçeau* in high favour with the more eminent performers on the Kokiou.

#### A FUDJIYU WRITTEN FOR THE KOKIOU.

The musical score for 'A FUDJIYU WRITTEN FOR THE KOKIOU.' is written for a single melodic line on a staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The score consists of 16 measures. The first measure is a whole note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with trills (tr) and grace notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

#### BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S NEW ORATORIO, "THE THREE HOLY CHILDREN."

THE Rev. Canon Hodson, who is responsible for the libretto of this work, has compiled his subject-matter partly from the collection made by the "Sweet Singer of Israel," partly from the writings of the man who closed the Book of the Divine History of the Jews, Daniel, and a short excerpt from the Apochrypha. In it all reference to the head of the College of Magi and last representative of Jehovah at a heathen court is omitted, even though Daniel's friends—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, or, to give them their Chaldaic synonyms, Azarias, Ananias and Misael—offer their lives in

testimony of the faith to which he was a living witness. The Oratorio is divided into two parts, the first of which contains six numbers, and the second ten. For Part I., the whole of the One hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm is requisitioned, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." That the elegiac metre of this poetic gem lends itself readily to musical setting goes without the saying; indeed, so beautifully does it scan that the Psalm almost sings of its own accord. So far as present experience enables me to judge, and that includes choral rehearsals under Mr. Stockley, the choir master, and Herr Richter, the director-in-chief of the Festival, I can certainly hazard the opinion that Dr. Stanford has grasped the spirit of the didactic part, and has been no less successful in the dramatic section of the second half of his Oratorio. In his musical exegesis, Dr. Stanford elects to make a moderate but decided use of "representative themes." Simultaneously with the first bar of the chief instrumental introduction, one is heard and serves as the leitmotif for the soprano lead, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." The plaint of the captive Hebrews is carried on with "When we remembered thee, O Zion," and "As for our harps, we hanged them up;" and next ensues a series of short ejaculations, which are treated with dramatic harmony. After some restless instrumentation, the formulation rapidly changes to an indignant outburst, "For they that led us away captive required of us then a song and melody." Where the cadence would naturally be expected, the voices are arrested on the tonic chord of E flat major, and three bars of sustained melody stand between the first of as many phrases, "In our heaviness." First the voices sing this in unisons, and then by an enharmonic change—the substitution of A sharp for B flat—another stage in the tonality aimed at is reached. A short passage for the orchestra, chiefly in sixths, paves the way for the return of the voices to the original leitmotif, and, by a slight deviation in the tonal disposition, monotony is averted. The advent of the Assyrians, who are chorally represented by the bass and tenor contingent of the choir has naturally enough a stirring interlude, and is of a semi-martial character. It is formulated brilliantly *alla marcia*, and in distinct contrast to the wailing utterances of the Hebrews, appropriates the major mode on an identical tonic. Plenty of local colouring can be noted, and phrases at times harsh and rugged accentuate the situation. Further, the final and stately periods readily suggest the lofty, commanding and imperious adjuration tacked on to the march, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." Commenced on the unaccented beat of the bar, and thrice hurled out, the phrases have a startling effect. On a soft pedal note for the requisite sostenuto the sopranos answer the haughty behests of the Assyrians. Again say the warriors, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion," ending their phrase this time on the tonic chord of C sharp major. A short cessation, and then occurs the chief soprano solo in the first part of the Oratorio, "If I forget thee, O, Jeru-

salem!" which bears as a choral support the full complement of the upper voices of the choir. Carried away with the recollection of the miseries of Zion, and the desecration of the gorgeous edifice in which they were wont to worship the god of their fathers, and quite heedless of the ominous surroundings, the solo soprano to an agitato accompaniment, sings—

O God, the heathen are come to thine inheritance;  
Thy holy temple have they defiled,  
And made Jerusalem a heap of stones."

The chorus then joins in with the bold asseveration of the solo, "If I forget thee," immediately followed by a turbulent allegro movement for the Assyrians, "Down with them, let us make havoc of them altogether." Next comes No. 5, for solo soprano and chorus of women, "O daughter of Babylon." This is chromatic in texture, and especially to be noted is the musical treatment of the words, "Blessed shall he be that dasheth thy children against the stones," where the solo and chorus, as it were, toss the phrase from mouth to mouth. A short interlude now succeeds, and the primal motif, "By the waters of Babylon," is resumed. To this highly-wrought scene succeeds a lengthy finale to the first part of the work, and it takes the form of a reflective chorus in triple rhythm, which rhythm is preserved intact until the close. After a quasi-climax in broad harmony, words, "Rejoicing in the glory of God," the primary key is resumed, and an effective stretto is heard. This concludes on the chord of the dominant seventh, words, "And his glory shall appear," and, ushered in by a grandiose passage in octaves for the orchestra, the peroration is reached, "When the Lord shall build up Zion, and when His glory shall appear." The melody is the original subject for the fugal and thematic treatment, and is accompanied by the voices in plain counterpoint. This peroration, however, being in common time, a little manipulation is necessary, but by employing the method known as "Subject by augmentation," the desired end is attained.

Part II. transports us to the plains of Dura, and, as becomes the surroundings, the music is striking, pageant-like in style, bold, and impressive, yet simple and far from complex in structure. The last utterance of the devotees is coincident with the bar where the Three Holy Children first appear on the scene. Vocally the trinity of Hebrews is thus represented: Azarias, tenor; Ananias, baritone; and Misael, bass. In a trio, canonic in form, they sing "As for the images of the Heathen, they are but silver and gold." The march heard in Part I. now recurs, presumably to indicate the approach of the arrogant Monarch whose decree is followed by the episode to be shortly illustrated. Through the medium of a herald the edict commanding adoration to the golden image set up on the plains of Dura is issued, and, as may be expected, it takes the form of musical parlante. In twenty bars the acquiescence of the Bel worshippers is chronicled in a loyal acclaim, "O, King, live for ever." The succeeding number is a long intermezzo containing, *inter alia*, three brief choral ascriptions to Bel, all built on the same bars,



"Bel, great is thy name." Number 10, a male choir chorus, is made the mouthpiece of the Oriental craftiness which insidiously suggests a charge of high treason against the Three Holy Children. Number 11 assumes a narrative form, and in a stirring allegro the anger of the Monarch and his determination to cast the three Hebrews into the fiery furnace are detailed. The most ambitious solo of the book next succeeds—a fine tenor harangue, teeming with dramatic intensity, and should, from the way it looks on paper, make the reputation of the Oratorio. Number 13 is a soprano solo and semi-chorus, "Ye are my witnesses," and it is formulated, *alla capella*, as a sestet for two sopranos, two contraltos, and two tenors. In the next section the Apocryphal description of the heating of the furnace is set, and to this is appended a quiet soprano solo, "But the Angel of the Lord came down." Number 16 swiftly conveys in its earlier part the Divine appearance and the consequent astonishment of the king, and, later on, his complete submission. Number 17, which extends over forty-six pages of the pianoforte score, is the most complete specimen of choral and orchestral writing Dr. Stanford has yet given us. Taking the themes familiarized to us by the "Benedicite Omnia Opera," he treats each detail of the Apocryphal Hymn with the grasp of a musician. He formulates it as an eight part chorus in triple time, mainly in the key of C major. The fugue, real and not tonal, has a short episode and brief development before the second choir joins in with, "O ye heavens, bless ye the Lord," the first choir singing concurrently, "O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord." Where the words "Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm," succeed each other, the writing is worked up to a grand climax on the chord of D minor with a figure in unisons for the orchestra. Recalling with a set purpose, and one that cannot be misunderstood, for the grand maestoso which stands for peroration, the composer has put for the sopranos of the first choir two measures of the original leitmotif heard at the opening, thus giving point, meaning and homogeneity to his valedictory. A grand Hallelujah, four bars on the tonic chord, winds up the Oratorio.

#### DVORÁK'S "SPECTRE BRIDE."

In the Thursday night's programme of the Festival the *pièce de résistance* is Dvorák's *Spectre Bride*. An old friend is the story of the hapless maiden who, while invoking the help of Heaven at the moment of supreme agony, murmurs at its decree, and as a consequence has to pass through the "cleansing fire" of intense tribulation. Whether, however, it comes to us from Scandinavian folk-lore, Teutonic legend, or Bohemian myth, the tale, clothed in the present versification, which, by the way, is a filtration from the Czech dialect through the tongue of the Fatherland into English, it is, even with all its necessary impedimenta, a welcome guest. It sets forth the narrative of a maiden who, bereft of father, mother, brother and sister, all sleeping in "God's acre," apostrophises the Virgin Mary, seeking news of her lover, who had gone to foreign climes to seek his fortune. Heedless of all the consequences of her adjuration, she says:—

"Bring him again, thus do I pray,  
Else carry me to him away."

The answer is not long delayed. On a sudden, the picture of the Madonna, to whom she addresses the appeal, moves, and a *simulacrum* of her lover appears. He adjures her to go with him on a journey to their home and to start at once, although the clock had just indicated the occurrence of "the witching hour." She consents, and the pilgrimage commences

with a portentous environment, the affrighted bark of the dogs telling "A spectre is somewhere near." On foot, over crags and boulders, the way lies at first, and later on, the path goes through marsh and swamp, with corpse candle surroundings. When she starts she has a prayer-book in her hand, a chaplet around her waist, a cross on her neck, and carries her wedding garments, and, at successive points, the spectre lover takes these from her. The prayer-book is too heavy, it impedes their steps; the chaplet, snake-like, impedes her breathing; the cross hurts wearer and himself, her guide, and, of the wedding garments, two are sufficient for the purpose required. At the end of the journey, which finishes at a churchyard, he adjures her to leap over the wall, and now, alive to the dreadful situation, she asks him to lead the way. Profiting by the temporary respite she escapes, and takes refuge in a little building which proves to be a dead house. Bolting the door, she, with nerves strung up to tension, awaits the sequel. In strident tones the spectre lover calls upon a solitary corpse, the inmate there when the girl took refuge, "To arise and unbolt the door." In answer to a frantic appeal to God, the corpse, partially re-animated, lies down again. The dread summons is reiterated, and, ere the third time it is repeated, the cock crows, and the spectre lover and his hideous hierarchy retire discomfited. Next morning, when the villagers go to early mass, to their astonishment they find one tomb wrecked, wedding garments scattered over the graves, and in the dead house the corpse of the maiden saved "as by fire." Dvorák, in his musical setting, has followed out the weird story with musical parallelism. His themes are quaint, thoroughly unconventional, and are certainly not of "the earth, earthy." Of course he uses representative themes, and elects to make as his principal one the spectre lover leitmotif. This is heard in the introduction, and is more or less present every time the pseudo-bridegroom appears on the scene. The choruses are extremely dramatic in texture; the tonality at times is difficult to follow, and the orchestration is a marvel of elaboration. A baritone narrator is employed to give the thread of the story, of course impersonally, but at times the spectre lover and his fiancée speak in the first person. Of the solos the most important are the first aria for the soprano, where the misfortunes of the maiden are narrated, "Mine did I once a lover call," and the final aria for the same voice, where in agonised phrases she appeals.

"O mighty God, I call on Thee,  
From Satan's grasp deliver me."

The work of the spectre lover lies more in duets with the maiden, but occasional solo interpolations form effective antitheses. Of the choral tone painting, the illustration of the journey through the marsh and swamp is painfully realistic. Without orchestral adjuncts, it is of course impossible to pass an ultimate opinion on this detail. However, in so far as present experience goes, the school of absolutism may possibly claim in Dvorák a disciple. For this piece the composer will have Madame Albani as the maiden; Mr. Joseph Maas, Spectre Lover; and Mr. Santley, baritone narrator. Considerable progress has been made with the choral preparations, under the careful guidance of Mr. Stockley; and when Dvorák comes to the "Hardware village" for the final rehearsal, he will, I can confidently say, have no cause for complaint on this score. L.

ANOTHER tablet has been placed over a house in Bad, near Vienna, commemorating the fact that "In this house Amadeus-Wolfgang Mozart composed, in 1791, his immortal *Ave Verum*."

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The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



## THE LUTE.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1885.

### NOTICE.

OWING to a press of matter having immediate interest, the Editor's first paper on "Types of Musical Character" is necessarily held over till next month.

### THE STRAUSS FAMILY.

THE Strauss family reminds one, by the passion and power of all its members for music, of the illustrious family, or clan, one might almost say, of the Bachs. For more than sixty years past, John Strauss, born 1804, and his three sons, John, Joseph and Edward, have supplied all Europe with its best dance music; and the waltzes of the elder Strauss excited the admiration not only of all kinds of musical and unmusical people who danced, but of musicians like Cherubini, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, who thought and who regarded no form of musical art as unworthy of their serious attention. Every endeavour seems to have been made to keep the Strausses, one and all, from having



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'LUTE.' No 31.

This Madrigal is published separately, PRICE 2D

MERRILY WAKE MUSIC'S MEASURE.

(MADRIGAL.)

Words by C. Z. BARNETT and F. SHANNON.

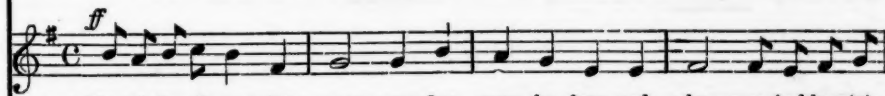
Music by JOHN BARNETT.

*Allegretto ma non troppo.*

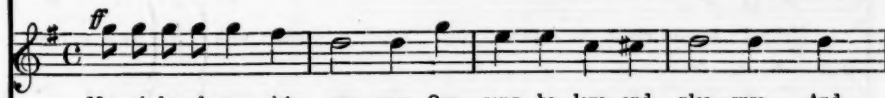
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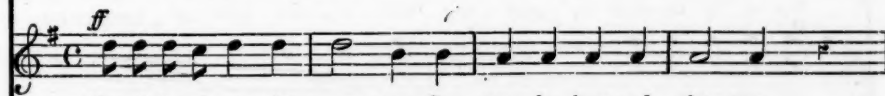
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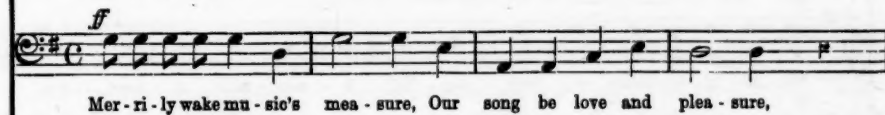
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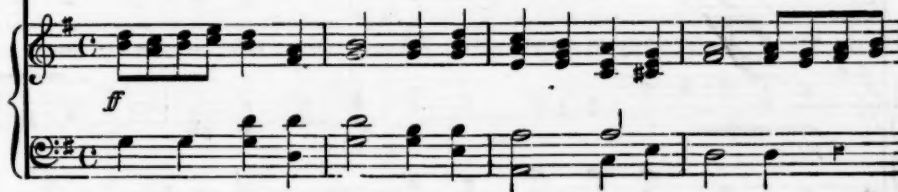
TENOR.



BASS.



PIANO



P & W. 1070.

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pow'r, That wings each hour With e - ver new de - light;

pow'r, That wings each hour With e - ver new de - light;

beau - ty's pow'r, That wings each hour With e - ver new de - light;

And beau-ty's pow'r, That wings each hour With e - ver new de - light;

And beau-ty's pow'r, That wings each hour With e - ver new de - light;

*p* Mer - ri - ly the strain re - peat - ing, Till e - cho with it meet - ing, A-round, a -

*p* Mer - ri - ly the strain re - peat - ing, Till e - cho with it meet - ing, A-round, a -

*p* Mer - ri - ly the strain re - peat - ing, Till e - cho with it meet - ing, A -

*p* Mer - ri - ly the strain re - peat - ing, Till e - cho with it meet - ing,

*p* Mer - ri - ly the strain re - peat - ing, Till e - cho with it meet - ing,

*p* Mer - ri - ly the strain re - peat - ing, Till e - cho with it meet - ing,

*cres.*

bove, Be joy and love, The bur - den here to - night.

*cres.*

bove, Be joy and love, The bur - den here to - night.

*cres.*

round, a - bove, Be joy and love, The bur - den here to - night.

*cres.*

A-round, a - bove, Be joy and love, The bur - den here to - night.

*cres.*

A-round, a - bove, Be joy and love, The bur - den here to - night.

*p*

Mer-ri - ly the light

*f*

Mer-ri - ly the light dance weav - ing, weav - - - - ing,

*p*

Mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly the light dance weav - ing, Hence, hence with

*f*

Mer - ri - ly the light dance weav - ing, To o - thers grave thoughts leav - ing, Hence with

*f*

Mer - ri - ly the light dance weav - ing, To o - thers grave thoughts leav - ing, Hence with



dance, The light dance weav-ing, Hence, Hence with care,  
 Hence, hence ..... with care, ..... Hence, hence with care, For  
 care, For mirth rules here, Hence, hence with  
 care, For mirth rules here, Hence, hence with care, ....

*f* For mirth rules here, And smiles a - lone are seen.  
*p* mirth rules here, ..... *f* For mirth rules here, And smiles a - lone are seen.  
*p* care, For mirth rules here, *f* And smiles a - lone are seen.  
 .... For mirth..... rules here, ..... And smiles a - lone are seen.  
*p* For mirth rules here, And smiles..... *f* a - lone, a - lone are seen.

*p*

Mer - ri - ly we've seas sail'd o - ver, The fair - est to dis - co - ver; With bend-ed

*p*

Mer - ri - ly we've seas sail'd o - ver, The fair - est to dis - co - ver; With bend-ed

*p*

Mer - ri - ly we've seas sail'd o - ver, The fair - est to dis - co - ver; With

*p*

Mer - ri - ly we've seas sail'd o - ver, The fair - est to dis - co - ver;

*p*

Mer - ri - ly we've seas sail'd o - ver, The fair - est to dis - co - ver;

knee We own 'tis thee, And hail thee beau - ty's queen, *f*

knee We own 'tis thee, And hail thee beau - ty's queen, We

bend - ed knee We own 'tis thee, And hail thee beau - ty's queen,

With bend-ed knee We own 'tis thee, And hail thee beau - ty's queen,

With bend-ed knee We own 'tis thee, And hail thee beau - ty's queen, *f*

hail thee beau - ty's queen, We hail thee beau - ty's queen, We

We hail thee beau - ty's queen, We hail thee beau - ty's

We hail thee beau - ty's queen, We hail thee beau - ty's

The first system of the musical score for 'Merrily Wake Music's Measure'. It consists of five staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains a single whole rest. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains a melody starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, F#59, G59, A59, B59, C60, D60, E60, F#60, G60, A60, B60, C61, D61, E61, F#61, G61, A61, B61, C62, D62, E62, F#62, G62, A62, B62, C63, D63, E63, F#63, G63, A63, B63, C64, D64, E64, F#64, G64, A64, B64, C65, D65, E65, F#65, G65, A65, B65, C66, D66, E66, F#66, G66, A66, B66, C67, D67, E67, F#67, G67, A67, B67, C68, D68, E68, F#68, G68, A68, B68, C69, D69, E69, F#69, G69, A69, B69, C70, D70, E70, F#70, G70, A70, B70, C71, D71, E71, F#71, G71, A71, B71, C72, D72, E72, F#72, G72, A72, B72, C73, D73, E73, F#73, G73, A73, B73, C74, D74, E74, F#74, G74, A74, B74, C75, D75, E75, F#75, G75, A75, B75, C76, D76, E76, F#76, G76, A76, B76, C77, D77, E77, F#77, G77, A77, B77, C78, D78, E78, F#78, G78, A78, B78, C79, D79, E79, F#79, G79, A79, B79, C80, D80, E80, F#80, G80, A80, B80, C81, D81, E81, F#81, G81, A81, B81, C82, D82, E82, F#82, G82, A82, B82, C83, D83, E83, F#83, G83, A83, B83, C84, D84, E84, F#84, G84, A84, B84, C85, D85, E85, F#85, G85, A85, B85, C86, D86, E86, F#86, G86, A86, 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anything to do with music. John, the father, was apprenticed as a boy to a bookbinder. But the inside of music books was the only thing in this connection which interested him; and he ran at the earliest opportunity from the bookbinder's shop to pick up a living as best he could by playing the violin. Showing from the first his genius for forming and conducting an orchestra, he grouped around him a number of other musicians, and at the head of this little band gained a celebrity which attracted the attention of Lanner, a composer of waltz music in a more sentimental style than that by which the Strausses, with their melodious vivacity and their novelty and piquancy of rhythm, were to distinguish themselves. Readers of Berlioz's letters will remember his enthusiastic eulogies on the waltz music of John Strauss the elder, and particularly the praise he gives him for varying in so many ingenious ways the triple beat of the measure which, in ordinary hands, can scarcely fail to become monotonous. There is also a danger in dance music of falling into a strain of sickly sentimentality, such indeed as has been lately cultivated with only too much success in England; and this the Strausses one and all have avoided by contrast of themes as much as by new rhythmical effects. After a time the original Strauss orchestra, in its primary form, was incorporated with the larger, longer-established orchestra of Lanner; and the united band was conducted alternately by Lanner and by Strauss. Then, after the retirement of Lanner, the now famous band had Strauss alone for its chief; and its director meanwhile had made himself a name throughout Europe by a whole series of waltzes, of which the earliest that became celebrated were the *Tanberl Waltzer* and *Kettenbrücken Waltzer*—which were in time to be eclipsed in popularity by the *Donanlieder*. In 1836 the Strauss orchestra visited Paris, where the newly-invented quadrilles, with music by Musard, were the rage. Strauss and Musard co-operated, the German learning from the Frenchman the art of writing quadrilles without, however, communicating to him the secret of composing waltzes. In 1837, John Strauss came to London, where his best waltzes had already been made known by a musical impostor of the period named Wieppert, who published them as his own. For a moment it was thought strange that Strauss should coolly put forth as his own compositions waltzes which had already been given to the English public as proceeding from another hand. But the truth of the matter was soon established; and the real inventor of so many beautiful waltzes showed that in addition to the waltzes with which England was already familiar he had brought with him a waltz repertory of his own which was almost inexhaustible. The father and the three sons have indeed produced between them upwards of eight hundred waltzes; neither of them having, so to say, scored less than two hundred apiece. John Strauss had so much success in London during the visit of 1837 that he repeated it in 1838, when he was appointed director of the court music in connection

with the festivities given in honour of Her Majesty's Coronation. Heine, writing in 1846, from Paris, declared that much as Strauss's waltzes were admired in London, Strauss had never found the English capable of dancing in time to them. This was written at the period of Heine's greatest antipathy to England, when anything great or small that he could say against the country seemed worth putting on paper. But the statement was made, he said, on the authority of the Strauss himself; and it is, curiously enough, supported by the writer of an interesting article on dance music, in a recent number of the *Musical Times*, who asserts that many English dancers dance in time only when by a fortunate accident the rhythm of the music suits their particular step. John Strauss visited London a third time in 1849. He left London by way of the Thames, and was accompanied on his departure down the river by a procession of boats with bands playing favourite melodies of his composition.

He returned to Vienna only to die; and his funeral was celebrated with the solemnity and pomp befitting what was truly regarded as a national misfortune. "The gaiety of nations," to use Johnson's phrase, was "eclipsed;" and serious critics at a distance could not but admit that Strauss had raised dance music to a higher level than it had ever reached before. Inheriting his own father's objections to music as a calling, John Strauss would not suffer either of his sons to study the art to which he himself owed everything. In vain, however, did he send his eldest son John to a bank, and his second son Joseph to the office of an architect. The only notes in which John could take an interest were those of music; while no kind of construction possessed the least charm for Joseph but that of musical works. Both John and Joseph became famous alike as waltz composers and as directors of orchestras. John (the younger) composed his first waltz at the early age of six. It probably met with no success at the time. But, forty-four years afterwards, when the fiftieth anniversary of John Strauss's birthday was celebrated at Vienna, it was performed, under the title of *Erster Gedanke*, amid general enthusiasm. Joseph Strauss died in 1870, from the effects of a brutal outrage committed upon him by some Russian officers at Warsaw who had requested him, but, in vain, to get up in the middle of the night, in order to make music for them. Dr. Pohl, of Vienna, is our authority for this almost incredible tale of ferocity. John Strauss, meanwhile, had begun to occupy himself with the composition of operas, such as the *Fledermaus*, the *Lustige Krieg*, *Prince Methusalem* and several others, most of which have been played with success not only in Vienna but also in Paris and London; and some years ago the eldest brother John retired from the direction of the Austrian Court band to be succeeded by the youngest brother Edward. Edward Strauss has composed more than 200 waltzes, many of which have become popular throughout the civilised world.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



To every lover of music the name of Stephen Heller is as a household word—loved and familiar. Wide-spread, indeed, will be the sorrow caused by the infliction which has fallen upon the veteran composer in that most terrible of deprivations, the loss of sight. Coming upon him so late in life, it will cut him off from the practice of that art in which he has “lived and moved and had his being,” and may entail even worse consequences by reducing him to comparative want. Quick to appreciate the hardship of the case, Mr. Charles Hallé, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. Robert Browning—worthy representatives of the sister arts—formed themselves into a committee to consider the best means of relieving, to some extent, their afflicted comrade. They have wisely decided to apply to the public for contributions, and with the proceeds—which cannot but be ample—to purchase an annuity, which shall ensure the blind musician from the additional torment of poverty. It is our grateful duty to make known this intention, and to appeal to our readers to send their subscriptions to Mr. Charles Hallé, at 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square, W.

ENGLISH Opera has been followed by French and Italian, and an unexpected “turn of the wheel” has upset the calculations of those who, a few weeks back, predicted that the London season would wind up with the dullest June and July on record. But how different an aspect wears the history of these two sections of operatic enterprise! The Carl Rosa visit was a record of direct value to native art, adding yet another corner-stone to the structure of our lyric renaissance, commanding, by means of sound “all-round” excellence, the interest and support of that great middle-class upon which the prosperity of English Opera seems more than ever to depend. There seems in the work of those eight weeks at Drury Lane a usefulness, tangible and lasting, that is utterly wanting in what may be termed the Van Zandt and Patti seasons. Against these ventures *per se* we have nothing to urge; but it is impossible to overlook the significant fact that they owe their existence and success to the aristocratic patronage which Mr. Carl Rosa conspicuously fails to obtain. A popular prima donna at Covent Garden or the Gaiety fills every guinea stall; an opera at Drury Lane, given with well-nigh absolute perfection of ensemble, only *minus* the “star,” crams pit, gallery, and boxes, but not the twelve-and-sixpenny stalls. Fashion, of course, is at the bottom of this, and it is a comforting reflection that one day the positions may be reversed. Meanwhile, we have to reckon with the all-powerful genius of Madame Patti, whose first of the eight appearances announced by Mr. Mapleson sufficed to draw one of the most brilliant audiences seen at Covent Garden for years. What mattered it whether the performance of *Traviata* was good, bad, or indifferent, so long as the *diva* was there to enchant with her incomparable voice and delightful art? This did she in a measure that she has never surpassed; and, amid the cheers which re-echoed her triumph it was impossible to heed the “still small voice” warning us that we were once more in the siren’s toils.

To the performances of French Opera at the Gaiety some special interest attaches, in virtue of the production of *Lakmé* and the return of Miss Marie Van Zandt after being absent from this country six years. The success of the work has to a certain extent been bound up in that of the gifted

young artist, for whom M. Délibes and his librettists designed their heroine. *Lakmé* is genuine *opéra comique* of the lighter mould in which Auber has cast some of his most charming examples. Its Indian subject, fragile as it is in texture, is not unskillfully treated, while in local colour the music is rich enough for half-a-dozen Indian operas. This characteristic feature is accompanied by a distinct vein of graceful and piquant melody, some of it exceedingly impassioned, after the style affected by modern French composers. M. Délibes rarely fails, if ever, to rise to the height of such dramatic situations as are supplied by the story of a simple Hindoo maiden’s love for an impressionable Englishman; and though his music may not excite, it cannot either be said to weary. The instrumentation is charming, and the concerted pieces (nearly all omitted in the Gaiety version) are admirably written. Mdlle. Van Zandt has appeared as *Mignon*, as well as *Lakmé*, and her success in each has been unqualified. Her voice has grown very slightly, but it is wonderfully sympathetic and resonant, and managed with faultless art, her rendering of every kind of *tour de force* being accurate and sure. The young prima donna is supported by an excellent company, and with Signor Bevnigani as conductor, an ensemble of unusual proficiency has been attained.

So closely does one Handel Festival resemble another that we shall content ourselves with very few words concerning the bi-centenary gathering which has just been held. Enough, from the general point of view, that it has worthily celebrated the memorable anniversary in honour of which it was “put back” a year. The efficiency of the huge force taken in hand for the second time by Mr. August Manns was beyond the average; the quality and balance of tone, alike in chorus and orchestra, were irreproachable. For musicians, and lovers of Handel especially, the chief interest of the Festival centred in the selection, which was exceptionally attractive. Going far more than usual out of the beaten track, the scheme contained one absolute novelty, in the MS. double concerto for orchestra, that came as a delightful surprise for those who had imagined they knew every great work from the Saxon master’s pen. Pure Handel from the first bar to the last, this remarkable composition positively glows with the spirit and grace of a genius to which nothing came amiss, and which here reveals a power and resource in the treatment of limited orchestral material that can only be described as astounding. For rescuing this concerto from the abysses of the Buckingham Palace Library, Mr. Rockstro deserves our sincere gratitude, and we offer it him with every encouragement to make further exploration in the same unfamiliar regions. With regard to the performance of the violin sonata in A by the whole of the first fiddles with string accompaniment, as arranged by David, the fault of an inartistic idea must be said to have been largely counterbalanced by the charming effect that resulted from its execution. In addition to these works, the items new to a Handel Festival scheme comprised the overture to *Saul*; the organ concerto (third of the second set, in B flat), played by Mr. W. T. Best; the fine air, “His Sceptre is the Rod” (*Occasional Oratorio*); the chorus, “Love and Hymen” (*Hercules*); the air, “Ombra mai fù” (*Xerxes*); the air, “Tell fair Irene” (*Atalanta*); and the air, “But oh! what art can teach” (*St. Cecilia’s Ode*). The vocalists who took part in the Festival were Madame Albani, Madame Valleria, Madame Clara Suter, Miss Annie Marriott, Madame Patey, Madame

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Trebelli; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Mr. F. King, Mr. Barrington Foote, Mr. Bridson and Signor Foli.

THE Richter Concerts did well to the last, presenting programmes of varied interest and sometimes doubtful value, but never failing to fill St. James's Hall with crowded and appreciative audiences. During the latter half of his season the Viennese conductor brought forward a larger sprinkling of novelties, among which was an overture to *Hyperion*, written by Eugène D'Albert. This excessively long, dull and pretentious work met with the fate it deserved—an impatient hearing and cold, if not adverse reception. Such an example of misdirected talent and laboured eccentricity naturally excited pity rather than anger, but at the same time inspired a wish that Herr Richter had troubled himself to bring to a hearing some work worthier of respectful attention. Berlioz's symphony, *Funèbre et Triomphale*, embodied eccentricity of a very different order, and satisfied curiosity if it did nothing else; on the other hand, the conventional type of symphony, whereof Herr R. Fuchs supplied an example, could easily have been dispensed with altogether. At the final Concert of the series, on June 22, Beethoven's "Choral" symphony and Stanford's "Elegiac Ode" were performed; the latter work, produced at the last Norwich Festival, being heard for the first time in London.

RARELY is critical opinion so unanimous as it has been in the case of the Strauss orchestra. Why this excellent quadrille band should have been engaged "at enormous expense" to play for two months at the Inventions Exhibition, no one seems able to comprehend. Apart from the consideration that the money goes unnecessarily from English into foreign pockets, there is the palpable fact that we have imported an inferior article—a number of third-rate instrumentalists, whose sole recommendation is that they can perform waltzes with Viennese crispness and animation. Their style of rendering an operatic *pot pourri* would be amusing were it not an injustice to good composers whose music is spoiled by the combined effect of inferior instruments and bad playing. The excuse was made that the band could not be fairly judged in the open air, but a special performance in the Albert Hall led to no better results. Herr Eduard Strauss is said to be "cut up" in consequence of these adverse criticisms. We dare say; but he will not leave these shores devoid of substantial English consolation.

AMERICAN musical notices—we cannot call them criticisms—are a well of humour, which gives, as yet, no signs of running dry. A reporter of a New York paper was "turned on" to write an account of a glee club concert and wound up his article with the striking sentence, "Those who heard them (the club!) can gain a good idea of the glory of unisoned beauty of which the human voice is capable." Can anything be more meaningless and yet sound so well? Another aspirant ventured upon loftier flight. He said "of especial charm were the duets of the alto and soprano. The silver colarateur of H— skipped or jumped on the majestic archer of Frau Joachim's songs like gulls on an excited sea. It sounded like organ tones and the ringing of bells, trimmed or bordered with nightingale songs." This is sad enough, but even more pathetic are the convulsive efforts of the comic critic to raise a laugh. One of these linguistic acrobats wrote thus about a performer in *Pinafore*.

"He astounds the listener with his *aplomb* and gathers all his force for an *éclair*. His voice is *nonchalant* and *recherché*, possessing all the *mauvais* of a more refined *espiglerie*. A scarcely perceptible *bon vivant* in the left eye gives a *hauteur* to his glance that materially adds to the *parles vous* of his *deshabille*. In the final *bite noir*, the *grand chevaux-de-frise*, he gets an extra hitch on his pants and recovers his *élan*; then he exerts the intense *sang-froid* of his nature and utters a culminating *qui-vive* that makes the hearer shut his eyes and wonder why he lives in a Christian land"—a state of mind, by-the-way, similar to that experienced by the reader of such rubbish. Let it be added that the original French remains unaltered. In conclusion, Galveston in Texas, has a critic—we use the conventional term—who said recently that "Miss X.'s mellow, spirit-moving voice seemed heaven-born and is a precious gem in Galveston's crown."

How diametrically opposite the views of unquestionably intelligent men may be upon one and the same incident is pleasantly exemplified by an anecdote narrated by the vivacious feuilletonist, Herr August Lesimple, in one of his amusing articles, recently published under the title of "Aus dem Leben berühmter Tonsetzer"—sketches, drawn by a light but able hand, of quaint occurrences in the lives of eminent composers, with whom our German colleague has become personally acquainted in the course of his long and brilliant career as a musical critic. The anecdote, which we subjoin in translation from Herr Lesimple's *ipsissima verba*, sets forth a curious difference of opinion between Benedix, the well-known Viennese dramatic author (amongst whose works familiar to Englishmen is *Aschenbroedel*, the late Mr. Robertson's version of which clever play has held the stage in this country for well-nigh a score of years), and the lamented Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, whose death was recorded in our columns a few weeks ago. Herr Lesimple writes:—"Hiller and Benedix had been good friends for many years; but after the terrific failure of their joint comic opera, *The Advocate*, they went asunder very violently. The day after the performance I met Benedix, and accosted him thus:—'Well, my dear poet, have you quite got over the smash-up of your opera?' 'I have nothing to get over,' he replied; 'the text is good enough, but the music is worthless.' 'But you must admit,' I rejoined, 'that the opera is based upon a clever string quartet.' 'Let him have his string quartet played by itself, then,' exclaimed Benedix; 'fine music is about as suitable to my text as a clenched fist to my eye.' 'Well, everybody laughed at you, anyhow,' I observed. 'Yes; they laughed at us once, but they never will again.' A day or two later I met Hiller, and said to him, 'Well, my dear Kapellmeister; so I hear that you are responsible for the failure of the opera.' 'Who says so?' asked Hiller. 'Your poet,' I answered. 'He might have written a better libretto for me,' replied Hiller; 'too stupid, too stupid!' 'But you set it to music,' I ventured to remark. 'I thought I could make something of it,' rejoined the composer; 'but — too stupid, too stupid!' 'Why don't you get Benedix to write you a serious libretto?' I asked. 'Not for the world; that would make any music ridiculous,' replied Hiller, with a sardonic laugh; and he left me, ejaculating the words 'Never again! never again!' How very odd that two such clever, clear-headed men should disagree so radically upon a question common to them both!"

ABOUT a fortnight ago the statue of Michael Ivanovich Glinka, the great Russian operatic composer, was unveiled at Smolensk, the city of his birth, in the presence of an enormous concourse of distinguished persons gathered together from various parts of the empire to do honour to the memory of the departed musician. The statue is said to be a fine work of art, representing Glinka standing at the conductor's desk, *bâton* in hand, in the act of leading an orchestra that is left to the spectator's imagination. In face and figure the counterfeit presentment is so like what Glinka was a few years before his death, that when its linen coverings were removed, and it stood revealed to the public gaze, many of those present, who had been intimately acquainted with the composer of *Life for the Czar* during the latter part of his career, were moved to tears. During the brief ceremony the church bells of Smolensk pealed merrily, and the patriotic hymn "Slavsja, Slavsja!" from Glinka's above-mentioned opera, the most popular of his works, was performed by full orchestra and chorus, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd, which subsequently defiled past the statue, depositing wreaths and bouquets at its base, in a procession that lasted all the afternoon. As night came on, the monument and the vast square, in the centre of which it was erected, were brilliantly illuminated with electric light. Musical selections from Glinka's two "national" operas—*Life for the Czar* and *Russian and Ludmilla*—were played by military bands until an early hour of the following morning. In a word, Smolensk made a night of it, entertaining the musical deputations from St. Petersburg and Moscow with open-air banquets, gipsy dances and "potations pottle-deep" throughout the short and sultry summer hours of darkness. Glinka's compositions are little known in this country; indeed, they have never acquired popularity outside the Russian frontiers. They are not so remarkable for originality as for the ingenuity displayed by their composer in dovetailing well-known Russian airs into his own somewhat commonplace music. Glinka spent more than half of his life in Italy, Germany and France, in which countries he learnt all that he ever knew of the science of music; enough to qualify him for the post of Court conductor at St. Petersburg, which he held for six years, but not enough to entitle him to rank amongst first-class European musicians. John Field taught him to play the piano, and Siegfried Dehn was his instructor in counterpoint. It was whilst visiting the eminent German theorist in Berlin, to whom he submitted a scheme for reviving and publishing all the ancient tunes utilized during the earlier period of Christian ecclesiastical history in connection with the so-called "Orthodox" Eastern Church, that Glinka died quite suddenly on February 13, 1857. By command of Czar Alexander Nicolaievich, his remains were conveyed to St. Petersburg and buried at His Majesty's expense in the cloister of the famous monastery dedicated to St. Alexander Nevski. At the time of his unexpected decease, Glinka had not completed his fifty-fourth year; but he had earned immortality in his native land, as is plainly demonstrated by the recent celebrations at Smolensk, which bore an unmistakably national character.

It is not generally known that King Louis Philippe, when he was in exile at Claremont, worked for some time with M. Scribe at the libretto of an opera, which Halévy was to set to music. Arriving in London to superintend the rehearsals of his Italian opera on the subject of Shakespere's *Tempest*, Halévy made it one of his first duties to pay

his respects to the fallen monarch. "M. Halévy," said the King, "I see that a work of yours is to be produced at the Italian opera of London. Perhaps the subject is not well chosen. The *Tempest* is too fantastic. In your place, I should have composed a *Henry VIII.*" Louis Philippe then improvised for the celebrated composer a complete scenario for an operatic *Henry VIII.*, quoting, as he did so, a number of Shakespere's verses. "As M. Scribe is to come to London," said the king, "tell him my scenario." "M. Scribe would rather hear it from the lips of the king," replied Halévy. The conversation was now interrupted by a visit; and Mr. Croker (called by Dr. Véron, in his *Memoires d'un bourgeois de Paris*, M. Kroker) was announced. The said Croker, or Kroker, evidently John Wilson Croker, had just published a very remarkable article in an English review (the *Quarterly*, of course) on the revolution of February. The king presented M. Halévy to the visitor, and said to the latter: "Mr. Croker, tell this Frenchman that I am well acquainted with your Shakespere, and that I know him almost by heart." "The king knows our great poet as few Englishmen know him," replied Croker. Soon afterwards Halévy took leave of the king, who pressed him to come and see him again soon.

A FEW days afterwards Scribe arrived in London, and the librettist and composer were both invited to dine at Claremont. The king, being unwell, did not appear at dinner, but he came into the drawing-room in the course of the evening, in the midst of his family, and soon afterwards took Scribe and Halévy into a corner, where they were joined by the queen. He now related in the greatest detail the successive scenes of the operatic *Henry VIII.* The queen encouraged him as he went on. She was always happy when Louis Philippe did not talk politics. The king made Scribe promise to bring him the scenario written out for the stage; and the evening before their departure the king's intended collaborators went to see him at St. Leonard's; he had now left Claremont. Scribe read the libretto, and more than one scene raised objections on the part of the king. A discussion took place. Scribe defended his views. "Sire," he said more than once to the king, "your Majesty has, as yet, had no stage experience. When your Majesty has worked for the theatre he will know that in an opera long developments of character are dangerous. Situations are wanted, and situations easy to understand and capable of awakening the genius and verve of the composer." The king did not readily give way. He was on the whole, however, very satisfied with Scribe's work. "M. Halévy," said the king, sadly, "write the music of this opera for England. I should not have an opportunity of hearing it in France." Halévy promised to look up some old English airs. "I will sing you a charming one," said the king. "It is a glee." He sang the air, and Halévy, after tracing the music lines on a piece of paper, wrote down the notes of the so-called glee as the king sang them. "We must now," said the king, "put the English words to the music." He recited them but soon perceived that he had forgotten one verse. "Stop," he said, "I will write them out myself;" and he did so on the newly prepared music-paper. "You will be able to tell them at Paris," he added, "that I still write an excellent hand without the least shakiness. I used to sing that air forty years ago in London to some of the most beautiful women of the day. I could even give you the address of the music publisher who at

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that time sold it." The king accompanied his visitors to the door of the room, and as he wished them good-bye made them promise to visit him soon again. A month afterwards, however, still remaining at St. Leonard's, he died there. It would be interesting to know whether the sketch proposed by Louis Philippe to Scribe and worked out by the latter was made use of by the librettist of M. Saint-Saëns, composer of the *Henry VIII.* actually produced at the Paris Opera-house.

## FROM THE PROVINCES.

**BRIXTON.**—Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and Bennett's *May Queen* were given at the Gresham Hall, Brixton, on Monday, the 8th inst., by the Brixton Vocal Union. The soloists were Miss Swinfen, Miss Medland, Messrs. Yates, Crawley, and Thornton Colvin. Mr. T. W. Morell conducted, and Mr. A. J. Crabb officiated as organist. The band and choir numbered 100. The post of leader was undertaken by Mr. H. Savidge, while Mr. A. E. Spencer acted as principal 2nd. Mr. J. Gardener was the solo cornet.

**GLASGOW.**—The arrangements in connection with next season's Choral Union Concerts are engaging the entire attention of the Council. It may be taken that several important engagements are on the *tapis*, and, by-and-by, I shall be able to announce these. Meantime, it may be stated, that the season will open early in December with *The Rose of Sharon*. Mr. Mackenzie's popular work will be conducted by the composer in person, and the solos will be in the artistic charge of Madame Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills. Costa's *Eli*, and, as a matter of course, the *Messiah* will find place in the scheme, and the fourth choral work may be one of the novelties to be brought out at Birmingham next month. The Union, by the way, held its annual picnic on 13th ult., when a large party proceeded down the Clyde, under the genial influence of exceptionally fine weather. Lochgoilhead was the destination.—The guarantee fund on behalf of the Richter Concerts has been secured. The list comprises over seventy names, each guarantor having become responsible for a sum not exceeding five pounds. Characteristic programmes will be forthcoming, the band will, it is understood, number 82 performers, and the Concerts have been fixed for 27th and 30th October next.—Readers of THE LUTE may be interested to see a copy of a characteristic letter from the late Sir Julius Benedict, dated 22nd May last, and telling its own tale so well. Here it is:—

"2, Manchester Square, London.

Dear Mr. Robertson,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I shall be happy to join my illustrious colleagues in becoming an honorary member of the Glasgow Society of Musicians, though my music has been regularly tabooed in your good city for something like 20 or 25 years. I suppose—for curiosity's sake—an antediluvian composer and pianist may be acceptable as long as he and his music remain at the respectable distance of 400 miles.—I am, yours very faithfully,

"(Signed) JULIUS BENEDICT."

—Attention has again been drawn to the constitution of the books forming that valuable collection known as the "Ewing Musical Library." A recent earnest protest in the columns of the *Morning Post* contains, *inter alia*, the following:—"The room built for the reception of the

books may be theoretically fire proof, but it is by no means damp-proof, and the consequence is that a coat of mould covers a large number of these treasures, and so, unless a speedy remedy is provided, the Ewing bequest will soon be known by name only, for the books will perish under the touch." There is, it may be added, considerable difficulty in getting access to the Library, a state of matters which, I personally happen to know, would have been sternly resented by the generous donor.—Some rather curious arrangements of Scotch songs were performed by "The Tannahill Choir," at the recent "Glen" gathering. The vast audience—numbering over 20,000—which found their way to Mr. Fulton's romantic grounds heeded not, however, these things, inasmuch as the "outing" was held under most auspicious weather, and the five hundred vocalists sang with vigour many ever-green songs by Scotia's foremost poets.—The post of organist of Sandford Parish Church, held by the late Mr. Channon Cornwall, has been accepted by Mr. W. J. Clapperton.

**LIVERPOOL.**—At the annual meeting of the Philharmonic Choral Society, on the 1st inst., the chairman had to announce that, owing probably to depression in trade, the season just over resulted in a financial deficit of £211 6s. 7d. This was the more to be regretted as the year had begun with a balance in hand of £68 7s. 9d., and a considerable sum had been earned by the Concerts given by the choir of the Society at the National Eisteddfod and other places. The expenditure had slightly decreased, having averaged about £116 per concert for band and artistes, whilst other small savings had been made. At the first Concert of the season, out of compliment to Mr. Randegger, conductor of the Society, *Fridolin* was rendered; but the Concert was the least successful of the series, although it is by no means so clear, as the chairman seemed to think, that this was owing to a want of public interest in the novelty. On the other hand, it is far more likely that the want of success is owing to the very parochial ideas of management possessed by the committee. It is, however, gratifying to learn that a sufficient guarantee has been obtained, and that the Society is about to enter upon another voyage.—The church of St. Francis Xavier was the scene of a musical event of considerable interest on the 31st ult. The occasion was the preaching of the choir sermons by the Rev. Father Proctor, of the Order of St. Dominic. The musical part of the services was under the direction of Mr. John Ross, who produced, for the first time in this country, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle de Pâques*. This most recent and exceedingly impressive production of the French master was sung for the first time at Paris on Mid-Lent Sunday, and it says much for Mr. Ross's fine artistic instincts that he should so quickly have seized an opportunity of making it known here. It is of peculiar interest throughout, and the orchestration is wonderfully striking. In the *Sanctus* is given an angel's song; and the *Kyrie* and the *Agnus Dei*, together with the *Incarnatus*, contain so much that is beautiful and truly original as to stamp this work as quite one of the finest which has proceeded from this prolific composer's pen. At both morning and evening services, the same composer's *Ave Maria* was given with powerful effect, and in the evening Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* was heard. The music was most efficiently rendered by the well-known choir of the church, numbering some fifty voices, and by a strong orchestra of thirty instruments, under the capable leadership of Mr. John Ross, Jun. Miss Laura Haworth's fine voice was heard to rare advantage in the soprano solos,

and Miss Hallwood and Messrs. Irvin and Grimes did good work. Mr. Ross is to be congratulated upon the remarkable progress which the choir has made while under his guidance, and even better things will be looked for.—At the Alexandra Theatre during the month, the appearance of Mr. Sidney Leslie's English Opera Company has excited some interest. The usual round of operas were given, including *The Bohemian Girl*, *Faust*, *Fra Diavolo*, etc., and really excellent all-round results were obtained. The company contained several well-known names, including those of Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. George Fox, Mr. William Parkinson, and Mr. Aynsley Cook, and of the newcomers, Miss Laura Clements, Miss Clara Leslie and Miss Agnes de la Poste created very favourable impressions. An excellent orchestra had been brought together under the direction of Mr. Mozart Wilson, and the mounting of the pieces was such as to win the heartiest commendation.—The performance at the pro-Cathedral of St. Peter's of Dr. J. F. Bridge's Oratorio *Mount Moriah*, and Mendelssohn's Motett *Hear My Prayer*, was a conspicuous success. The performance was under the direction of Mr. F. H. Burstall, the Cathedral organist, and Dr. Bridge kindly accompanied his oratorio for the occasion.

[The Editor will be obliged to Conductors or Secretaries of Musical Societies if they will kindly send programmes and notes of Concerts on or before the 24th day of month.]

## FROM THE CONTINENT.

BERLIN.—Almost all places of indoor amusement are now closed, and the staff are at liberty to visit the different watering places on the chance of a short engagement. The coming season, however, promises well for lovers of good music, and more especially for the frequenters of the Concert house. The Wednesday evening Concerts are not to be devoted only to the production of large symphonic orchestral pieces, under the direction of Mr. Mannsfeldt, but also choral selections from secular oratorios are to be given, the duration of which would be about one hour, occupying one third of the evening.

BRUNSWICK.—An attempt is being set on foot with great energy and zeal to erect in this town a memorial to Francis Abt worthy of the late popular composer. Monster Concerts are being advertised, in which all the military bands and men's choral societies are to take part, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the furtherance of the above object. The late master's memory is held so dear here that great indignation and displeasure are created here by the circulation of the so-called Abt anecdotes, of which it is affirmed that the greater part are very far from being strictly in accordance with the truth.

KARLSRUHE.—This little town put on all its gala attire to welcome the guests arriving from every part of Germany to assist at the festival which took place on the last days of May. The most imposing spectacle connected with the festivities was the ball given in honour of the musical strangers, who had honoured the town with their presence. The public garden was brilliantly illuminated with electric light, on the far side of the artificial lake the name of Liszt was traced in gigantic letters of flame, and the dancing was kept up with great spirit until daylight sent the revellers home to their couches. The Grand Duke held a levée, to which some 25 of the most prominent musicians were invited, all of whom were duly presented, and a few gracious words addressed to each. The following orders and distinctions

were also distributed:—Liszt, grand cross of the Order of the Zehringian lion; Mottl, 1st class Knighthood, and Gille, commander of the same Order; Professors Riedel, Kahut and Stern were created Knights of the 1st class of the Order with Oakleaf, whilst Reuss, pianist, was made a Knight of the 2nd class of the same. The Grand Duke of Weimar also forwarded to Mottl, by the hands of Liszt, the Order of Knighthood, 1st class, of the White Falcon.

COLOGNE.—At a meeting of the Town Council, held with closed doors, it was resolved to continue to his widow the pension that had been granted to the deceased Ferdinand Hiller as their late town bandmaster. In the Gurzenich hall a grand commemorative performance was held, at which Handel's Dead March in *Saul* and Mozart's Requiem were given. The large hall was filled to the last seat, and the audience listened with reverent attention to the soul-stirring strains of the choir, which, under the direction of Dr. Wüllner, performed its part with great precision and devotional spirit.

FRANKFORT.—On Whit-Monday, Jules Massenet's four act opera of *Herodiade* was given here for the first time. It was admirably put on the stage, and the performers did their utmost to make the piece a success, but although it was well received, it is not likely to become a popular favourite.—Prince Tenischeff, president of the Russian Imperial Musical Society, whilst here on his way to Paris, visited Bülow's pianoforte classes in Raff's Conservatorium, when he expressed himself much gratified with the performances of the pupils. On leaving, he made a very handsome present to the fund for raising a memorial to Raff. Prince George Alexander of Hesse, who has this year been attending Bülow's classes, has also given £15 towards the same object, and thus, it is hoped, the Committee of management will soon be in a position to liquidate the debt of honour they owe to their late founder.

HAMBURG.—The theatrical season closed here on 31st May, with the 400th representation of Wagner's works, under the direction of Pollini. During the past year, 6 new operas have been brought out, amongst which were Weber's *Silvana* and Thomas's *Esmeralda*, together with 24 dramatic novelties. Emil Götze, the now famous tenor, and Madame Klafsky, made their début here during the same term. Moreover, Otto Brucks, the favourite baritone, took his final leave of the Hamburg stage and public in the *Trumpeter of Säckingen*.

MUNICH.—The private performances of *Parsifal*, given in the Court Theatre, for the sole benefit of the King of Bavaria, are said to have been a perfect success. Naturally every member, both of the orchestra and of the troupe, did their best to satisfy the artistic criticism of the monarch. One thing is very certain, these private representations are the best possible rehearsals for subsequent public performances, and visitors to the festival plays in the Bavarian capital should be grateful to the egotistic liberality which permits of their taking place.

PARIS.—The two new directors of the Grand Opéra hope to be able to keep the house open by largely diminishing the expenses of management (this can only be effected by paying lower salaries); by introducing as much variety as possible into the répertoire, so as to attract the public, and by working their staff to the utmost. The *Ministre des beaux arts* is also doing his best to render their endeavours successful; as, if the present incumbents cannot make the house pay, with a subvention of 900,000 francs, it will be impossible to find anyone else to make the attempt. In the latter case

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two alternatives will be presented to the government; either they will have to raise the subsidy to at least 1,200,000 francs, or, what is more probably the course they will adopt, they will have to allow the opera-house to be closed—for it is futile to hope to be able to persuade a democratic chamber to sanction such an expenditure on mere art! For the directors, however, the question is simply whether they can afford to pay an adequate rent for a building which has cost 80 million francs, whilst they only receive a subvention of 900,000.

RUSSIA.—In many parts of the dominions of the Czar, the 1st June is celebrated as the birthday of Michael Ivanovitch Glinka, the favourite Russian composer. He was born in 1804, lived in Italy till 1830 and in Berlin until 1856, when he was appointed director of the Imperial Russian opera-house, in which office he died, 1857. His opera of *My Life for the Czar*, first produced in St. Petersburg, 1837, is still a great favourite with the public whenever performed; moreover, the Russian National Hymn is one of his compositions. This year the anniversary was celebrated in Smolensk. Prince Obolenski and G. Weimarn have just jointly published a pamphlet containing a biography of the composer, together with a chronological list of his works.

STRASSBURG.—The position of the French operatic company, which visits this town from time to time, is becoming quite untenable. Whereas, during the decade immediately succeeding the Franco-Prussian War, the undertaking paid well, at present the interest shown by all classes of the public in French operas and French plays is of so languid a kind that Galley, the director of the above company, will probably be a heavy loser at the end of the present season; although it is admitted on all hands that he has done his utmost to deserve the favour and patronage of the public.

## REVIEWS.

### PATEY AND WILLIS.

*Pas Redoublé.* For the Pianoforte. By B. Albert.

A BRIGHT and characteristic little piece not at all difficult. It is well adapted for home use, and is none the less agreeable because unpretending.

*Eastern Dances.* No. 1. For the Pianoforte. By Alfred H. West.

THIS is a capital specimen of its kind, having well marked and well contrasted themes containing the necessary eastern colouring. It will be found an excellent teaching piece for advanced pupils. This dance is also published in a simplified form.

*When George was King.* Song. Words by Horace Lennard. Music by S. A. Sabel.

A PLEASANT story of the wooing and winning of a village milkmaid by the parson's son when George the Third was King. The music is quaint, pretty and well suited to the words. The kind of song for a social gathering.

*Soon to Meet.* Song. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by J. W. Slatter.

AN expressive song of more than average merit, able to command acceptance anywhere if adequately rendered. It is of small compass, and neither for voice or piano beyond the power of the average performer.

*Love's Dream.* Song. Music by Martin Roeder.

THIS song has unusual musical interest. The melody flowing, and the accompaniment having been made a

distinct feature goes far to give the song its musical value. It will well repay the study needed for a good interpretation. This song is dedicated to, and sung by, Madame Patey.

### FORSYTH BROTHERS.

*Tarantella.* For the Pianoforte. By Harvey Löhr.

AN attractive and well written piece well adapted for educational purposes.

No. 1. *Gavotte in F.* For the Pianoforte. By Charles B. Ingham. No. 2. *Gavotte Fantastique et Musette.* For the Pianoforte. By Charles B. Ingham.

BOTH publications may be strongly recommended as excellent and well written examples of the old dance form. No. 2 is perhaps the more interesting.

*The Saucy Kate.* Song. Words by Henry Vince. Music by George Fox.

A SEA-SONG of a highly popular character. The music has the swinging rhythm necessary to a piece of this kind, and, being withal melodious and simple, may certainly be recommended.

### POHLMANN AND SONS.

*Carnival Pictures.* No. 1. *Tarantella.* For the Pianoforte. By Alfred F. Christensen.

A SUCCESSFUL example of an attractive dance form. The passages lie well under the hand, and the whole piece, though by no means difficult, is effective and showy.

### J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

*You are my Queen, love.* Song. Dedicated by permission to Madame Adelina Patti. Music by Edward Holmes.

A TENDER and pathetic song. The composer has relied on comparatively simple means for effect, and may be congratulated on the result.

### MUSIC RECEIVED.

*Rest Day Songs for the Children.* Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Frederic N. Löhr. (Forsyth Brothers.)

*Liebe, Liebe, Ach die Liebe.* Translated from the Hungarian of Petöfi by Neugebauer. Music by Maude Valérie White. (Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.)

*Czarda.* Hungarian dance. By Herbert Sharpe. (Patey and Willis.)

*Rigadon.* By Allan Macbeth. (Patey and Willis.)

*Is it So?* Words by Brandon Thomas. Music by Alfred Allen. (Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.)

*At the Gate.* Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Charles Tirbutt. (Morley and Co.)

*The Manchester March.* By Edward Hecht. (Forsyth Brothers.)

*Adagio Religioso*, for violin and piano, and *Marche Chevaleresque.* By Charles P. Ingham. (Forsyth Brothers.)

*Happy Days of Yore.* Music by Arthur Melnotte. (Pohlmann and Son.)

*The Musician.* Music by Henri Logé. (Pohlmann and Sons.)

*For my Lady's Sake.* Music by J. Verney Binns. (Pohlmann and Sons.)

*Singing in Schools.* A Complete Course of Practical Teaching. By Alfred B. Haskins. (Bemrose and Sons.)



## POET'S CORNER.

## "TO THE POWERS OF LOVE."

S HED on me, oh ye powers of Love,  
 Some attribute divine,  
 Whether of beauteous pleasing form,  
 And looks amaranthine,  
 Or higher grace of heart or mind,  
 I care not, so I favour find  
 In his dear eyes.

Arouse him, oh ye powers of Love,  
 To that glad, thrilling sense  
 Of some unuttered sympathy,  
 And charmed influence;  
 That full persuasive he may grow  
 Till all things to his soul will show,  
 In sweet surprise.

And then, ye gentle powers of Love,  
 Bestow still further boon,  
 And in some happy thrice-blessed hour  
 Kind Time may grant me soon,  
 Oh let our hearts with fond consent  
 Meet in one passion eloquent,  
 Nor feign disguise.

GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

THE retiring pension of three thousand marks, granted to the late Ferdinand Hiller by the Corporation of Cologne, will be continued to his widow.

ITALIAN OPERA seems to be in as bad a condition at home as it is abroad. The season at the Politeama, Florence, was brought to an abrupt conclusion after four nights only.

It is announced in Paris, *à propos* of the new venture in Italian opera, that the manager will be Senor Roviza, formerly of the Théâtre-Italien in Madrid, and that Madame Patti has promised to appear no fewer than thirty times!

The name of Victor Massé will shortly be given to a street in Paris. Many other musicians have been similarly honoured, among them, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Auber, Méhul, Grétry, Spontini, Lully, Rameau, Cherubini, Boieldieu, Hérold, Gluck, Rossini, and Pergolese.

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID, who is an ardent musical amateur, has resolved to found a Conservatoire in Constantinople. The director of the college will be Deolet Effendi, who has studied in Vienna at the Sultan's own expense, and is constantly at the Palace for musical purposes.

MADAME JUDIC so overworked herself recently in preparations for her American tour that she was temporarily unable to sing. This indisposition was caused in great part by the mental strain involved in "compiling" her wardrobe, which is to consist of from fifty to sixty dresses of the value of three thousand pounds. Their designing and completion has been entrusted to Madame's "special dressmaker," who, her task over, will retire for a few months into a lunatic asylum.

THE musical critic (save the mark!) of the *Chicago News* has had an idea. It has occurred to him that "the two dollar tones of the chorus singer, the 500 dollar tones of Schott, the 1,000 dollar ditto of Materna, the 2,000 ditto ditto of Nilsson, and the 4,000 dollar tones of Patti are all built upon a squawk at the glottis."

DURING the three years from 1882 to 1885, the operas most frequently performed at the Paris Grand Opéra were *Faust*, with 75 performances; *Les Huguenots*, 58; *Guillaume Tell* and *La Favorita*, 46 each; and *François de Rimini*, 40. The fullest houses were drawn by *Rigoletto*, *François de Rimini*, *Henry VIII.* and *Faust*, in the order given.

MISS HELEN MEASON gave a very successful invitation Concert, a few days ago, at the Steinway Hall. The occasion was propitious for introducing some of her pupils, and, judging by the taste and refinement with which they rendered the by no means easy pieces allotted to them, Miss Meason is as skilful an instructress as she is a charming vocalist.

AN ardent admirer of Wagner's genius and theories, Herr Emmerich Rastner, of Vienna, has compiled, and is about to publish, a large number of the "master's" letters. They will be extremely interesting as throwing light not only upon Wagner's personality as an artist, but also upon his relations with Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Spohr, Liszt, and other prominent men.

THE Beethoven Männergesangverein has placed over a certain house in Heiligenstadt a tablet, with the following inscription:—"Beethoven lived in this house during the first two years of the present century. 1885." The same choral society intends to found a Beethoven museum wherein shall be gathered everything connected with the life and labours of the great composer.

It is said, we know not how truly, that Herr Richter has supplanted some of the instrumental artists long associated with the Birmingham Festival by some of his own *entourage*. If this be so, we heartily regret it, as it cannot fail to excite bad blood and discord where all should be peace and harmony. According to report even Mr. Carrodus has to make way, his successor being Herr Schiever.

MR. HAWES is always amusing, whether he be discoursing on music or on morals, or on both. Recently he was preaching a sermon upon Job, and, referring to Eliphaz, one of the would-be comforters of the afflicted one, said: "Now, Eliphaz had once said a good thing. Then he said it again, and it was not so good. Still he kept on saying it, till it was no good. Now-a-days, Eliphaz would be a very good specimen of a dull clergyman."

HERE are two characteristic letters addressed by Beethoven to Hummel:—"Never put your foot in my house again. You are a hypocritical dog, and I hope the hangman will wring the necks of all such noxious beasts.—Beethoven." This was followed by a more conciliatory epistle:—"My dear little Butter-heart,—You are a good fellow, and you were right. I see my error now. Come this afternoon and see me. Schuppanzigh will be with me, and we will embrace you heartily, and pet you ever so much. Beethoven (also called Honey-flower)."

